AN

Engliſh Padlock.

MISS *Danae*, when Fair and Young;
(As *Horace* has Divinely ſung)
Could not be kept from *Jove's* Embrace
By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Braſs.
The Reaſon of the Thing is clear,
(Would *Jove* the naked Truth aver)
Cupid was with him of the Party,
And acted vigorous and hearty.
For, give that Whipſter but his Errand,
He takes my Lord Chief Juſtice Warrant;
Dauntleſs as Death away he walks,
Sneaks the Doors open, ſnaps the Locks,
Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study,
Nor ſtops 'till he has *Culprit's* Body.

Since this has been Authentick Truth,
By Age deliver'd down to Youth;
Tell us, Myſtaken Husband, tell us,
Why ſo Myſterious, why ſo Jealous?
Does the Reſtrain, the Bolt, the Bar,
Make us leſs Curious, her leſs Fair?
The Spy, who does this Treaſure keep,
Does ſhe ne'er ſay her Pray'rs, nor ſleep?
Does ſhe to no Exceſs incline?
Does ſhe fly Muſick, Mirth and Wine?
Or have not Gold and Flatt'ry Pow'r
To purchaſe One unguarded Hour?

Your Care does further yet extend,
That Spy is guarded by your Friend.——
But has that Friend, nor Eye, nor Heart?
May he not feel the cruel Dart
Which, or late, all Mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender Zeal,
Give the Fair Priſ'ner Cauſe to ſee
How much he wiſhes ſhe were free?
May he not craftily infer
The Rules of Friendſhip too ſevere,

Which chain him to a hated Truſt,
Which make him Wretched, to be Juſt?
And may not She, this Darling She,
Youthful and healthy, Fleſh and Blood,
Eaſie with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this Logic to be good.

Sir, will your Queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither Spy nor Friend.
In ſhort, I keep her from the Sight
Of ev'ry Human Face.——She'l write——
From Pen and Paper She's debarred.——
Has She a Bodkin and a Gard?
She'll prick her Mind:——She will, you ſay;
But how ſhall She that Mind convey?
I lock her faſt, I keep the Key.——
The Key-hool, Fool, take That awey.

Dear angry Friend, what muſt be done?
Is there no Way?——There is but one.
Send her abroad, and let her ſee
That all this mingled Maſs, which ſhe
Being forbidden longs to know,
Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
Powder, and Pocket-Glaſs, and Beau;
A Staple of Romance and Lies,
Falſe Tears, and real Perjuries;
Where Sighs and Looks are brought, and ſold,
And Love is made but to be told;
Where the fat Bawd and laviſh Heir
The Spoils of ruin'd Beauty ſhare,
And Youth ſeduc'd from Friends and Fame
Muſt give up Age to Want and Shame.
Let her behold the Frantick Scene,
The Women wretched, falſe the Men:
And when, theſe certain Ills to ſhun,
She would to thy Embraces run;
Receive her with extended Arms,
Seem more delighted with her Charms;
Wait on her to the Park and Play,
Put on good Humour, make her gay;
Be to her Virtues very kind,
Be to her Faults a little blind,
Let all her Ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your PADLOCK on her Mind.

FINIS.

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